

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then will they adventure vpon the exploit themselves, which they shall haue no sooner atchieued, but wee le set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they will know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leaue them; and sirra, I haue cales of buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Po. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, Ile forswear armes. The vertue of this ieast will be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue will tell when wee meete at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lyes the ieast.

Prince. Well, Ile go with thee, provide vs all things necessarie, and meete me to morrow night in Eastcheape, there Ile suppe farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord.

Exit Poines.

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The myokt humour of your idlenes,
Yet herein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly mists
Of vapours that did seeme to strangle him,
If all the yeere were playing holy-daies,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By how much better then my worke
By so much shall I satisfie mens hope
And like bright mettall on a fuller
My reformation glittering o're my sinne
Shall shew more goodly, and attra
Then that which hath no foile to t
Ile so offend, to make offence a sk
Redeeming time when men think

Enter the King, Northumberland,

Sir Walter Blunt,

King. My blood hath bene too
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
And you haue found me, for accor
You tread vpon my patience, but b
I will from henceforth rather be m
Mightie, and to be feard, then my c
Which hath bene smooth as oyle, fo
And therefore lost that title of respo
Which the proud soule ne're payes

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne)
The scourge of greatnesse to be vse
And that same greatnesse too, whic
Haue holpe to make so portly.

King. Worcester, get thee gone,
Danger, and disobedience in thine
O sir, your presence is too bold and
And Maiestie might neuer yet end
The moodie frontier of a seruant
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: wh
Your vse and counsell, we shall sene
You were about to speake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Those prisoners in your highnes na
Which Harry Percy heere at Holm
Were, as he saies, not with such stre
As is deliuered to your Maiestie.
Either enuie therefore, or misprison
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my fo